

LEGENDS OF THE SAVIOUR.

BY MRS. BATTERSBY.

LEGENDS seem to offer to us "children of older growth" somewhat the same attraction presented by fairy tales to the inmates of our nurseries,—very possibly for the same reason, that under the symbol of some beautiful and fanciful story, in many instances, a useful moral truth is conveyed to the mind of the reader.

Some legends, however, may take higher ground than mere morality, for they have not only a hidden vein of ore lying beneath their surface, but if we seek those especially connected with the life and death of our Lord, we may find the pure gold of a spiritual meaning rewarding our search.

The legend of the aspen tree has been so beautifully versified by an anonymous author in an old volume of *Good Words*, that I am tempted to quote a portion of the poem:—

"Not a breath of air in the region wide;
Not a ripple upon the river;
Yet all of a sudden the aspens sighed,
And through all their leaves ran a shiver.

"My darling, she nestled quite close to me,
For such shield as my arms could give her;
'There went not the least waft of wind through the tree,
Then why did the aspens shiver?'

"I told her the tale how by Kidron's brook
Our Saviour one evening wandered;
A cloud came over His glorified look
As He paused by the way and pondered.

"The trees felt His sighing; their heads all bowed
Towards Him in solemn devotion,
Save the aspen, that stood up so stately and proud,
It made neither murmur nor motion.

"Then the Holy One lifted His face of pain:
'The aspen shall shake and shiver
From this time forth till I come again,
Whether growing by brook or by river!'